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STATE STREET.

A Satire.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"HARD KNOCKS, OR WHO IS FIRST?" "AGNES FARRIDAY,"
"THE LEARNED WORLD," "THE CANNONADE,"
ETC., ETC.



PUBLISHED BY
A. W. LOVERING,
No. 204 WASHINGTON STREET.



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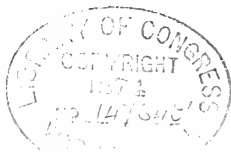
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TO THE

NEGLECTED CHILDREN OF GENIUS

(OF WHOM THERE ARE TOO MANY BY FAR),

WHO, DEDICATED TO TRUTH AND INDEPENDENT LIVING,

SCORN THE PALTRY CONVENTIONALISMS OF LIFE,

AND ARE MARTYRS TO THEIR INDIVIDUALITY,

WHICH NEITHER THE POWER, INSOLENCE,

AND HEARTLESSNESS OF WEALTH

CAN BEND NOR CONQUER,

I Dedicate Affectionately this Verse.



STATE STREET.

WHEN Justice, heavenly Maid! was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her law,
Would throng around her open door;
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possest beyond the Muse's painting;
While "Modern Athens," yet untouched
By love of riches overmuch,
Was noted for its lofty tone,
And manners which might grace a throne!

There were but few who dared to be
Without, O Decency! some thought of thee.

The Passions then, to Justice given,
Lived in the trust and fear of Heaven!
And gathered round their holy Court,
Where rights were neither sold nor bought;
While yet unused to greed of gain,
And deviltry that's mean and vain;
When women loved to nurse their young,
And from their way all nonsense flung;
When birth had something then to do
With that grave question — "Who are you?"
When "Come by chances" stepped aside
Before the claims of family pride —
That healthy love of blood which flows

In veins the base and mean oppose ;
When men would live as men should live
Who not in Self alone believe ;
When laws were honored and obeyed ;
And Justice wooed the injured maid,
Who now is left too oft to go
Cursed by her life, its bitter woe !
When *gentlemen* were held to be,
O, fallen Manners ! prized by thee ;
When well-dressed louts were made to see
That Shoddy's not gentility ;
That dress and riches could not gain
For *such* respect from cultured brain !
Which laughs within its sleeve to know
How vulgar upstarts come to woe —
The woe of conscious weakness, where

Only strength may do and dare —
Strength which not alone delights
In all its own agreeable rights,
But Justice loves for its dear sake,
Would of its feast have all partake; —
These minds — they are where blood will tell,
Rejoicing in what's only well!
While lives made up of selfish sham,
Plebeian cheek, and coat of Ham,
With purses filled with filthy wealth,
To nobler thoughts the very death!
Who *do* and *say* but for a name,
To ventilate e'en more their shame;
Thus advertising their bad breed,
Their nasty and plebeian seed;
Whereas the noble, well-born mind

In others as in self will find
Something to value and to save
From withering in a living grave!—
While “cheeky upstarts” prance about
As gentleman, when but a lout,
Not fit to carry to a bear
His foul intestines, or his hair—
While all this is, perhaps, to last,
To curse the future as the past,
Well may we sigh for other days,
When *Trade* and *Manners* challenged praise;
When gathered round the cause of Right,
A better heart for sterner fight:
Those days of slower pace, when prayer
Was something more than pious air;
When pilgrim shrewdness was no crime,

Its name revered in every clime!
Ere yet contempt was well expressed
By crying "Yankee!" in distress.
That state of mind which one is in
When suffering from the bite of sin,
Man's law don't punish in the least—
Who "skins" the most 'twill mostly feast!
This "Athens," which has grown so fast,
Whose wealth and populace are vast;
This city by the sea, where man
Will "do" his brother when he can,
Clean him straight out while he will drink
With him the holy wine, nor wink,
And eat the holy bread, and sigh
For those who droop from evil night!
This "Athens" of the western world,

This astute critic hard to hold —
What changes have attended thee
Since thou wast new and dear to me,
Since, in my boyhood, I would play
About thy streets and inner bay,
Which time has filled with *foreign dirt*,
Where dandies walk, and soft maids flirt.
Thou “Athens,” once fenced in by worth
Not made of any sort of earth,
I go at thee, to stick my pen
Into thy pride, thy women, men;
E’en to thy heart I’ll drive it home,
If from the deed a *good may come*.
Conceited, vain, and over-wise,
Thy many faults thou shouldst despise.
Behold your women — wives, or maids,

“Up to the devil” in their ways.
If on the street, or wheresoe’er,
Wanton their dress, and bold their air.
What they are doing, or would do,
“To raise the wind, and get things new,”
Ah, who can say but husbands sad,
And lovers who have gone stark mad:
They loved and were deceived; “too slow”
Were they — their money did not flow;
Their lady-loves had charms to win
“Good-looking fellows who had tin;”
So “went for them,” and laughed to see
Those left go mad in misery.
O precious darlings! so well dressed,
By Beauty’s every feature blessed,
What harm is done when you cast off

Some honest lover with a scoff,
With whom to live would cost you thought
Of him, on income somewhat short!
What harm is done to blast a thing
Which does to you so little bring?
Then live the life of well-dressed sin
With some "dear fellow for his tin:"
Married, or mistress, 'tis the same!
You can't escape the curse of shame.
The *hate* — which once was love — will be
A hissing serpent e'er to thee!
And when at death thou mayst recall
The heartlessness which caused Love's fall,
That crime shall curse thee with a howl,
And hand to thee a nauseous bowl
Of seething passions, full of stench,

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Wherein is writ, "For thee, vile wench!
Drink, deeply drink of that thine own,
Until the poison all is down;
A fitting nectar for the hell
Where only such as thou dost dwell!
Then hence — away, you dirty hag,
A tattered, loathsome, human rag!"
Thus will the passion of that bowl
Thy fearful doom forever howl.

O, blessed is God, who so will damn
Things heartless with their coats of Ham!
Of arms speak not with else than Hog,
Fit symbol of their native bog.
Would that another flood might rise
To sweep away those thus despised,

That generous natures might enjoy
The right to live without annoy —
The right to act without a fear
Of ambushed crime, whence flows the tear.

Should such a flood, perchance, obtain,
Oh, what of *State Street* would remain!
God in his mercy spared from fire
This nest of sin, of self-desire!
Long-suffering, patient is the Lord,
Unto these fellows, to accord,
A respite from their doom one hour,
Whose acts defy and scorn His power!
Those acts by which the weak are made
To lose their blood by shaves in trade;
Tabooed the Banks, they must obtain

At two and three per cent. of gain
Per month; paid Shylocks, who supply
The needs of such with greedy eye.
The Banks are run by those who play
Each unto each through every day.
There are who get what they desire,
All full of consequence and fire,
Paying but moderate for a loan,
While others for it sweat and groan.
What these may make by honest toil
They pay away as State Street spoil!
They see grow fat who suck their blood,
Too often called "the wise and good."
But State Street cannot be to such
A place where *love* is fostered much;
They go there always "to be skun,"

Forever, ever "to be done!"
And slain too oft by "silken Jacks,"
Who carry murder in their acts,
Dealing it out to any one
Whose needs oblige them to be "done."
From early life I've studied here,
Where skinning's done without a fear;
The innocent I've seen cleaned out,
Scarce e'er they turned to look about!
Not cleaner is the tooth of hound
Than were these fellows' pockets found,
Who marvelled at the wits so keen,
And straightway at their tricks were seen:
Apt, very apt were they to learn,
To take advantage in their turn.

Thus there is bred a set of thieves,
Whose arts the uninformed deceives;
They lie in wait with kindest air—
One never thinks them mean, unfair.
“They’ll talk up stocks not worth a d—n,”
While knowing they are all a sham!
And get good money for the same,
Without the slightest sense of shame.
Who can be gulled will grow so poor,
They’ll State Street curse for evermore.
Bankers and brokers—nearly all
Upon this street, within its call,
Will doom whoever gives them leave
To utter ruin! and believe
The wine they drink, the bread they eat,
As Christ’s Communion, is more sweet

To them, whose sordid love of gain
Completes the measure of their fame.
I know them well — who knows them not ?
To whom has fallen the painful lot
“To raise the wind” just where they are,
To come within their loving care.

To fall into a hole of snakes,
'Mong briery and bewildering brakes,
Should be preferred to asking aid
Where daily 's done so foul a trade.
Some here there are, who, like a *Bolles*,
To manly ways and honor holds ;
Whom kindly feeling often guides,
Whose business is but fair emprise ;
Who deal, though sharply, yet most true,

Who'll not embrace, then murder you!
Careful they hold what they possess,
Would not dig pitfalls to distress;
Yet, if one wants their money, they
Will make him roundly for it pay;
But will not lead him to invest
In anything not deemed the best.
They may be trusted when they state
What they believe should gain create;
But beat to quarters on a trade,
They'll try and cast him in the shade!
If he's not keen to hold his own,
And bear with equal pressure down.
This is a warfare of the wit,
For which they practise to be fit;
Its points of honor well are ta'en,

It limits much the grab of gain!
State Street is graced by such who play
Fairly to win a business sway;
No spot of earth can show more pride,
Well founded in a record tried
Of business honor, manly heart,
Than some who here enact their part
Do justly feel — for they delight
In nothing not expressly right.
Yet, sharks abound, and reptiles, too,
They ever are in daily view;
All uninformed are “taken in,”
And kindly lightened of their “tin.”

So goes that life in stocks and sham,
Where coats of arms is but a Ham;

Hog plainly marks the action here
Straight through the gleanings of the year.
If one at times a feeling kind
Observes within a *shaver's* mind,
It glimmers but to fade away,
When he can't make his dealings pay.
I've many here seen break their necks ;
Others to big things rise from specks ;
While working hard, as best they knew,
To lift themselves high into view ; —
Bar-tenders into bankers run ;
As counter-jumpers some begun ;
And God knows only what were they
Who figure foremost there to-day.
Whence come ? from what ? and how they sprung ?
If from good stock, or from mere dung ?

Though questions not of stern finance,
Yet I this way would take a glance.
I like to know about the seed
From which we vegetation breed;
I like to know about a man,
To sift him finely when I can.
But who the mongrels on this street,
As "shaving suckers" we oft meet,
May be, 'tis hard indeed to tell;
But sure it is from grace they fell.
Their dealings this, beyond a doubt,
So sickening fact has pointed out.
Without a conscience — all within
Is blasting, burning, seething sin!
They never speak but to mislead,
They never act, unless to bleed;

To drain the pockets of the weak,
Whose wants compel them such to seek.

O God! how canst thou spare the wretch
Who'll crush whome'er his tricks may catch;
How canst thou let him live, to sway
As Lord of Finance every day!
On State Street thou must look with ire,
Where mainly reigns a self-desire;
Where men will gather but to see
How they too oft can sorrow Thee!
Why shouldst thou not clean up the place,
Wipe out all those not of thy grace —
That cheating, irreligious chaff —
Those guilty things who at Thee laugh?
Then may thy Gospel there be law,

That moderate means may find some door
To enter by, where it will be
From imposition ever free!
Nor lose the life-blood from its heart,
Through Christians in the Devil's part.
Who has not felt, when on this street,
As sharp they look at those they meet,
That 'twould not do to ask a thing
Of many there, which would not bring
More to their pockets than is kind,
Or worthy of a noble mind!
Who has not felt that all he saw
Was but a satire on the law —
A running fight, where sneaks would bleed,
Their betters who had come to need;
Where fellows handling cash would claim

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To lord it o'er a genius famed?
Ah, State Street! why, when thou couldst do
So much to bless forever you—
Why wilt thou cling to sordid ways
Which *Heaven* nor *Truth* can ever praise?
How happier would thy trimmers be,
If generous hearts they gave to thee!
We have no lease of life—this day
May see your best drop quick away;
What service, then, is all their gain?
And who will thank them for the same?
Whate'er they leave behind may go,
Instead of bliss, to foster woe!
While, had they generous been in life,
Done good a plenty, willed less strife,
They would have seen with their own eyes

Happy hearts their bounty prize!
But, living in the pride of greed,
To their own selfish passions feed,
They die as dieth e'en the dog,
By avaricious lust befogged:
Habit is, when fixed, a force
'Tis hard diverting from its course.

O State Street! I would have thee rise,
Thy base transactions to despise;
I'd man to man have just and true,
And *Virtue* find a friend in you!
If this can never be, may God
Well smite thee with his potent rod,
And all thy shavers bring to grief,
Make obsolete the State Street thief.

“When Justice, heavenly Maid! was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her law,
Thronged around her open door;
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possest beyond the Muse’s painting.
O Justice! sphere-descended maid,
The friend of Truth, and Wisdom’s aid,
Why, goddess! why, to us denied,
Layst thou thy ancient worth aside?
Where is thy native simple heart
Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art?
Arise, as in that elder time,
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime!
Thy wonders in that godlike age
Fill thy recording history’s page.

'Tis said — and I believe the tale —
Thy humblest word could more prevail,
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this sordid age!
O, bid our vain endeavors cease,
Revive the early days of Greece!”

FINIS.



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